

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 40



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, FROM THE EAST





ON September 4 at Hodgenville, Kentucky, President Wilson accepted the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln as a gift to the American people.

OUR Calcutta, India, health food factory received an order from the War Department for 2,500 pounds of granola for shipment to Persia.

ROUMANIA is about the size of Illinois, but supports a population of over 7,500,000, although it has no large cities. Bucharest, the capital, with 340,000 inhabitants, is the largest.

THE recent capture of Kavala, Turkey, by the Bulgarians was regarded as a strategic victory. Kavala, is the ancient Neapolis, which Paul visited on his way to Philippi and Thessalonica, the present Saloniki.

THE Roumanian troops are German trained, and armed with Krupp guns. During the two years of the war Roumania has been selling her grain to Germany and getting in exchange arms and ammunition which she is now about to use against their makers.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D. D., LL. D., associate editor of *The Independent* 1868-70, superintending editor 1870-96, editor 1896-1913, and honorary editor since 1913, died August 28 at his home in South Berwick, Maine, in the eighty-second year of his age.

ON the return of the "Deutschland" to Bremen, wealthy citizens of Bremen made up a purse of \$25,000 for Captain König, and the medical faculty of the University of Halle conferred upon him an honorary degree for carrying German medicines to the outside world.

BALDNESS, according to the *New York American*, is inherited. It is claimed that a woman is never bald unless both parents were bald. On the other hand, a man is certain to be bald if his mother was bald, and quite likely to be so if only his father suffered from that affliction.

THE entrance of Roumania into the war brings the number of countries actively engaged up to ten on one side and four on the other, not counting little Luxemburg and San Marino, nor the three other countries which, by right of fighting and being fought over, might be included, Persia, Albania, and Greece.

THE *Washington Herald* notes the proposal of the Protestant Episcopal Church to abridge the first five of the ten commandments, and says it is "on the ground that arguments for the observance of divine law are not essential to the laws themselves." The Lawgiver thought them essential, else he would not have given them.

ON September 3 Sir Ernest Shackleton arrived at Punta Arenas, Chili, from Elephant Island, having rescued his twenty-two comrades who had been marooned there for months. This was the third effort that Lieutenant Shackleton had made to extricate his devoted followers from their icy prison swept by the storms of a southern winter.

ST. THOMAS, one of the Danish West Indies, is noted for three things: its bay, its rum, and its bay rum. The bay rum is said to flow hence into every barber shop of the world. The rum is distilled from molasses, and consumed locally in large quantities. The bay is a beautiful one, large enough to hold more ships than fly our flag, and perfectly safe—unless a hurricane blows in the wrong direction.

THE Carnegie Foundation, after an experiment that has extended over ten years, is about to abandon its system of old-age pensions for college professors. Its substitute plan is one of insurance, in which a young man beginning his teaching pays a little less than five per cent of his salary,—an older man somewhat more,—the college contributes an equal amount, and the Carnegie institution in managing the funds performs gratuitously a service such as life-insurance companies perform. The contributions entitle the professor or his widow to an annuity: to him when he retires from his professorship, to his widow whether he dies while in service or after his retirement.

### How Would You Say "Good-by"?

A KANSAS lawyer tells how one of his clients bade him good-by after the transaction of important business in his office. He was a strong man, apparently, in the very prime of life, comfortably situated and blessed with all that makes life desirable. But the physicians had discovered that he had a fatal malady and could not live more than three months.

His wife and children were heartbroken and could not be reconciled to the sorrow that seemed like a cruel fate. He comforted them as best he could. "Do not grieve so," he implored them. "I am relying on the promises in this Book,"—he tapped the Bible that lay on the table at his side,— "and I am not afraid."

He went to the lawyer's office to have his will made. When it was done, he arose to take his leave.

"How would you say 'Good-by' to a man under such conditions?" asked the lawyer. "I knew, in all reason, that I should never see him again on earth. I confess to you that it was one of the most trying moments in all my long and varied experience with men in professional life."

The embarrassment was all on one side, however, for the caller extended his hand as frankly and naturally as if he were parting with his friend for a few weeks. Without a trace of altering in his voice he said,—

"Good-by, Mr. ——. I hope to meet you on the other side."

His perfect ease and faith so inspired the lawyer that he was enabled to reply, "Good-by, sir; I hope you will." And they parted. In less than one month from that day the man passed out of the life here.

"He was only an average man," said the lawyer, "an ordinary Kansas citizen, but his Christian faith was more than ordinary, and it shows what can be accomplished in the soul of one who accepts the good and tried principles of Christianity, and squares his life, as far as possible, by the good Book."

How is it with us? Can we live so that our parting with our friends would be as calm as his, if we knew that it was our last meeting?—*Our Young People*.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

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No. 40

## Trip from Riga, Russia, to Siberia, near the Chinese Border — No. 3

MRS. J. T. BOETTCHER

**W**E have reached in safety Petropavlovsk in the Altai Mountains, which is the end of our journey. The last few hundred miles have not been easy traveling, and I doubt if any American woman has gone this way before. We are now at least one thousand miles away from the railroad in the land mostly inhabited by Kirghiz. It took us just five days to go by ship from Omsk to Semipalatinsk.

On account of insufficient snow and rainfall in the mountains during the past two years the river Irtysh has become very shallow, making navigation for the large steamers difficult. They are obliged to go slowly and must continually measure the depth of the water. Our ship spent ten hours of unavailing effort trying to help a fellow ship off a sand bar, where she stuck fast. Promising to send them help as soon as possible, we had to sail away, leaving the boat lying in the middle of the river with a disconsolate crew and passengers on board.

Semipalatinsk, a city with a population of 27,000, looks like a big country town, as it has no paved streets, and aside from the Russian governor's residence and the government buildings, it has few structures which remind one of a city. Most of the stores — and there are many of them — are simply board sheds, looking much like the buildings at a country fair. In the fall there is a great fair held in the city and the streets are filled with camels which have brought wares and fruits from Turkestan. But through all the summer, trade is active. We saw large caravans of camels bringing merchandise from Tashkent, or even, perhaps, from China. A camel can carry quite a heavy load.

The most attractive and wealthiest part of the city is the Tartar district, the houses being built and furnished in Oriental style. There are ten Mohammedan mosques, one of them very large and beautiful.

From Semipalatinsk we took a smaller steamer to Ust-Kamenogorsk, a town some two hundred miles farther down the river. This ship had first-, second-, and third-class cabins and dining-rooms, but only one deck for all the passengers, which brought us into close contact with one another. We represented many nationalities. There were wealthy Russians, — gentlemen and ladies, — with their maids; gay students, among whom were some very pretty girls. There were poor Russians, oh, so dirty in their rags, many of them emigrants, — men, women, and children, — with all their household belongings, seeking a new home where prosperity might shine upon them. There were sober, dark-eyed Tartars with their wives and families (most of them have more than one wife); Kirghiz in their odd caps and furs; Chinese, almost naked; whole families of Gypsies, with graceful figures and handsome black eyes and hair, dressed in all the gay colors of the rainbow. Some Germans and we Americans completed the medley.

The Russian ladies gave the Gypsy children pennies, and they sang and danced for the entertainment of the passengers, while the Chinese carried on a sort of circus, twisting their bodies into almost impossible

shapes and wrestling with one another. One of them put a long, slender, but live snake into his nose and poked it in until the head of the snake came out through his mouth while the tail still hung out of his nose. Then he held both ends of the snake fast with one hand, while with the other hand he collected money from the crowd. In all my travels I have never seen so many kinds and classes of people associating together with such little restraint and so much good will as they did on that boat. My husband remarked that it was possible only in Siberia.

We were two nights and a day making this journey. Our ship broke her machinery once and had to stop for repairs; several hours we were stuck fast on the sand bars, but succeeded in getting loose.

At Ust-Kamenogorsk began the hardest but the most romantic part of our trip, namely, a one-hundred-and-fifty mile ride through the Altai Mountains in the Kirghiz stage. These stages are curious affairs. They are small four-wheeled vehicles only large enough to carry two passengers, and very simple in construction. Straight poles are laid across the axles of the wheels, and on these are fastened a big willow basket, with or without a top. Some of the basket-wagons are made of wood and have a low top to protect from the sun and the rain. There are no seats in the basket, and only one outside the basket. Upon this, which is built up high, the Kirghiz driver sits. There are no springs under the wagon, only as the poles bend a little from the weight which they support.

Two gentlemen had joined our party, so we were four and had to take two rigs. My husband and I were given a lumbbersome wooden basket with a top, and three horses with bells on them, while the gentlemen followed in an open basket with only two horses.

We thought we could not sit on the bottom of the wagon as do the natives, so we arranged a seat from our leather trunk. The whip cracked, the bells rang, and we were off at a galloping speed such as we had never seen in our lives, except when there is a big fire and the fire engines are out. Everybody had to make room for us, for we were in government rigs, and in the front wagon sat a white lady wearing gold spectacles. I have observed that gold glasses exert a wonderful influence in this part of the world. I couldn't understand why we needed three horses to our rig, while the gentlemen behind us had only two, unless it was the weight of my glasses. All our protesting did not help one bit; we had to take the extra horse and, of course, pay the extra charge.

For these horses there were no hills or mountains, stones, or ditches. Uphill or downhill, they never slackened their speed. When we went uphill, the driver shouted and cracked his whip, and when we went downhill he just let the lines loose and we went at such a speed that I wondered that the wagon stayed on the road at all. These small Kirghiz horses are wonderfully sure-footed. Ours never even stumbled. Nor did they seem to get overheated and out of breath, although at first I expected to see them fall from pure exhaustion. The way we bumped around on our seat

in that wagon without springs was anything but enjoyable. I got a severe headache from hitting my head against the low top, and not a hairpin or comb would stay in my hair, although I had my head done up in a handkerchief. It did no good to beg the driver to go slower, for he is required to make so many miles an hour, and then, too, he is very proud of his fast driving.

Along the route are stations, about twenty-five miles apart, at which the stage stops. From one station to the next is as far as one stage goes, so at each station we changed wagon, driver, and horses. Generally once between the stations the horses are allowed to stop for five minutes to rest, when they resume their usual speed. While the horses were being changed at the stations we had time to eat lunch. I soon found, however, that it was best for me to go without food while being jolted so vigorously.

The scenery in these rugged Altai Mountains, which alone separated us from China, is grand, although barren and desolate, with no trees; altogether different from the beautiful Ural range. I should have looked around more if I hadn't been so engaged with watching for stones and ditches and hanging on to the wagon to make sure of keeping my seat. At last it began to be plain that we had made a mistake in having a seat, and that if we wanted to finish our journey without injury to ourselves we must ride as the Kirghiz do. So we took out our seat, spread a little straw in the wagon, put a blanket over it, and then sat on the bottom, just as we had seen the natives do. Sitting in that fashion we could hold on and also be able to enjoy the scenery.

The simple peasant people took off their caps and very solemnly bowed to us as we rushed past them. They evidently thought we were government dignitaries, and may have feared we would raise their taxes. Indeed, I sometimes amused myself by trying to imagine I was the great Catharine driving in state. As there were no bridges, we drove right through the rivers, nor did we slacken our speed when night overtook us. We lost our way several times, and at last our stage tipped over in the dark, although the men caught it before it reached the ground, and so no injury was sustained. It was raining and was almost midnight, and as we were near a station we decided to go no farther until daylight.

This station was kept by a Russian family, and was like an oasis in a desert, so neat and cozy was everything. There were rag carpets on the floors, beautiful blooming plants in the windows, and comfortable furniture in the rooms. It looked good to tired travelers like ourselves.

The gentlemen ordered supper, but I lay down on a wooden settee and slept soundly till three o'clock, for which time we had ordered our horses. I was obliged to awaken the men, who were sound asleep on the floor. We were soon under way.

The early morning air, after the rain, was refreshing, and a sunrise in the mountains is always glorious. We reached the next station before six o'clock and had to wait some time before we could proceed farther, as the horses were all high up in the mountains and did not want to be caught. Mr. Boettcher and I improved the time doing a little climbing, gathering mountain flowers, and watching the Kirghiz make a new frame for their tent. This rested us, and besides we were standing the ride satisfactorily now and had only one more station to make before we would be met by friends to take us the rest of the way to the settlement, Petropavlovsk.

This last station, the Tartar town, Kokpokitinsk, was reached at eleven o'clock that morning. Our stage ride was at an end, and the men expressed their pleasure that the lady of our party was still in good health and cheerful spirits.

Our friends had been waiting for us since the day before, and as we seated ourselves in a modern, two-seated phaeton and felt the springs under us, we settled down with a sigh of content for the remaining thirty-mile drive. Our way lay across the steppes, unsettled, with only a Kirghiz tent now and then to break the monotony. The bare, lonely mountains rose high on each side of us. Everything was very still, so far away from the noise of cities, trains, boats, automobiles, or any of the confusing bustle of civilization. We wished we could look over the mountains into China and see if it was still there.

At the settlement all were eagerly waiting to receive the friends who had come so far to see them and learn of their welfare. These settlers are German and Russian people who have immigrated to this far-off country and received a large tract of land from the government. They have land in the valley and in the mountains but it is stony, the soil poor, and irrigation is a necessity. At best it is not a farming country, and now, on account of the drought, cannot be properly irrigated. Cattle thrive, and Kirghiz are used to a very limited diet, but the settlers are suffering for the common necessities of life, to which they were accustomed in their former home. The children especially suffer, and at the time of our visit diphtheria claimed many victims. A painful eye disease afflicts parents and children alike. Fortunately we came prepared to treat sore eyes, and were glad that we could help them.

It is a large settlement, with its sod houses built in a straight row about one mile long. There is not a single tree, and the sun shines very hot, the lack of shade causing, perhaps, the sore eyes. The women, too, are obliged to cook out of doors.

On account of all the sickness we decided not to sleep in any of the houses, but curtained off a spot of ground for our room. We carpeted our floor with fresh-cut hay. At night we poked the hay together, spread out our blankets, and had a comfortable bed. We breathed the invigorating, clear mountain air all night. When the wolves came too near, the dogs set up such a terrible howling that we could not sleep. Otherwise our accommodations were ideal.

Here, too, the people erected a tent for the meetings that were to be held, and some were present who had come from a long distance. They would have attended services day and night, so hungry were they to hear the Word of God.

I also held a children's meeting, at which about thirty children were present. There is no school for them to attend, but many of them can read, and it was a pleasure to hear them sing so many beautiful hymns and relate the Bible stories. Old and young have been anxious to learn. We tried to help them physically as well as spiritually, instructing them in the simple treatment of diseases. Theirs is a life full of hardships such as few of us must endure.

They told us, while tears filled their eyes, that they had often been discouraged and lonely, and had feared that in their far-away land so difficult of access they would never be visited by a minister of the gospel.

A church of forty-one members was organized, and eight Russians were baptized in a beautiful, clear mountain river.

As I looked around upon this barren land and the sod houses with their straw roofs, I often thought

of the beautiful shade trees and comfortable, pretty houses in the homeland. What a contrast! Truly, how little one half of the world knows how the other half lives!

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### Increase Your Knowledge

Do not allow yourself to feel satisfied with your present amount of knowledge. The wonderful increase of knowledge during the last fifty years should convince us of how much there is to be learned, and we ought not to close our eyes in sleep at night without having learned something during the day, that we did not know before. If this plan were to be followed out continuously, our stock of knowledge would in a few years be surprisingly increased, and we should be so much better qualified to perform the work that is allotted to us.

We often hear young men and women who have graduated from the high school or college say, "I have finished my education." But when one has finished his course at high school or college, his education should in reality have only just commenced. The amount of knowledge received at high school or college is only a drop from the bucket, compared to what there is that may be learned. Don't let your education stop as long as you have life.

J. W. LOWE.

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### The Story of a Book

DURING the month of August, 1885, a colporteur selling "Daniel and the Revelation" called at a home. The family were pleased with the book, but as they were packed for moving and would not be there at the time of delivery, the colporteur sold them his only copy.

The family drove in wagons to a new country in the mountains and settled. Owing to the father's ill health, the wife and sister built their log houses, cutting down pine trees and rolling them down the mountain side, even splitting logs to make shingles for the roofs, and for building the fireplace and chimney. In those pioneer days this meant much labor for women reared in a home of luxury, but God was directing the course of their lives.

The father and husband lay sick for eight months; during that time they read the copy of "Daniel and the Revelation" purchased from the colporteur, and soon began keeping the Sabbath. About that time they subscribed for the *Signs of the Times*, which has made its regular weekly visits ever since, being the only preacher of the third angel's message in their mountain home.

The father of the home died in 1900, with the assurance of living again at the first resurrection. The two sisters, brother, and other members of the family have remained faithful to the truth all these years. The light of this message has been lived before the people of the surrounding country. For years they have prayed God to send the living preacher to teach the people, and the Lord who hears the cries of his children has answered their prayers by recently sending a minister there to teach them. The first minister could remain only a short time, holding a few meetings and baptizing the aged believers, who had never before seen a living representative of the message except the colporteur who had sold them the book thirty years before. Another minister made a two weeks'

stay with them, holding Bible studies and two meetings in the schoolhouse with the mountain people who seemed anxious to learn more about the truth. Later, the mother and other members of the family attended a camp meeting, and arrangements were made for a series of meetings in the neighborhood, which continued for six weeks. Two meetings were held on Sabbaths and Sundays in the schoolhouse; also, through the courtesy of the teacher, the eleven o'clock hour was occupied on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The attendance was good from the first, except when rain and snow made traveling nearly impossible. Some rode from ten to fifteen miles regularly to attend the meetings, and the two aged sisters, now past eighty, did not miss a service.

The blessing of God rested upon the effort, hearts were touched as the word of God was preached, and opposition gave way to obedience. One entire family of eight and three others began keeping the Sabbath, among them the school-teacher, who was educated in a Baptist college,—a man of consecration and much prayer whom God can use in giving the message.

Some who accepted the truth have moved to other places, leaving a Sabbath school of fourteen members and others who are interested to attend. The prospects are good for other companies to be raised up in near-by districts. When leaving, the minister was handed \$90 in tithes and offerings.

The district is about fifty miles from the nearest railroad, and is a rich cattle country, settled by generous-hearted cattle men, who hold in high esteem those who brought to that section the first seeds of truth, in the form of a book sold them by a faithful colporteur.

This story is a beautiful illustration of how far-reaching is the influence of the book placed in the homes of the people through the colporteur work, and how it may be used of the Lord to reach remote and difficult sections of the country.

The prophet Isaiah beholding such scenes exclaimed, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

W. W. EASTMAN.

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### Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

A MAN cannot eat himself into the kingdom of God, but he can eat himself into perdition.

Worry brings change only for the worse. "Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing." Ps. 37:8, R. V.

"If we have the truth, we can afford to be calm and unexcited."

The ten commandments can reveal the sinner's condition, but cannot change it.

Be suspicious of your good feelings (supposed by some to be religion) if your practices are not in harmony with the commandments.

By eating of the forbidden fruit, Adam obtained knowledge but not wisdom. Ignorance of some things is wisdom.

"The Source of all our blessings, he will not allow us to suffer because of our liberality."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

GEO. M. POWELL.



## Through England's Oldest Colony

CLIFTON L. TAYLOR

**A**S I walked down to the wharf at North Sydney, Cape Breton, to take steamer for Newfoundland, my ardent desire to see the big island of which I had heard so much was mingled with whole-souled dread. I had sailed on the ocean before, and knew full well the pangs of seasickness awaiting me. However, my companion, Elder M. N. Campbell, walked with an air of confidence, assuring me there was nothing to fear, that he had made the trip several times, and had never been seasick.

Having bought our return tickets, we were asked to register. I afterward learned that the entire passenger list is immediately cabled to St. John's, the capital of the island, so that people in the city may learn from the morning paper who are coming.

We took passage on the "Kyle," a steamer that was launched from Newcastle-on-Tyne only a year before the great war began. Its speed is fourteen knots, and it was built to contend with the heaviest of ice. My friend and I were assigned the same stateroom. He chose a lower berth, and I took an upper in order to be next to the porthole. I wanted the fresh air, but was destined to enjoy it only a short time. Soon after leaving the harbor the steward came in and closed it tightly. It was well that he did, for that night we experienced that of which David told in the Psalms, "The stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." I am sure David must, at some time in his life, have been on a sea voyage, for he described it all so well. "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." All this I endured that night, and my only consolation was that my brother who had never before been seasick was suffering too, and almost as severely as I.

The latter part of the psalmist's description of a sea voyage, "He bringeth them unto their desired

haven," was fulfilled the next morning, ten hours after starting, when we steamed into Port-aux-Basques, a little seaport on the southwest corner of the island. As we left the boat, customs officers awaited us and ordered all our baggage opened. Contrary to a prevailing idea, Newfoundland is not a part of Canada, although a part of the British Empire; hence, every one coming onto the island, whether from Canada or elsewhere, must submit to having his baggage overhauled. The officer found in my valises only one contraband article, a pair of opera glasses. In vain I protested that I had carried them for nearly twenty years. He demanded a deposit almost equal to their value if I took them with me. I told him to keep the glasses and I would get them on my return.

Our train was waiting, and we hastened to find a seat in the first-class coach, soon to begin our 548-mile trip across the island to St. John's. This haste was important, for our tickets entitled us to seats there, and if crowded out we would have to ride in the second-class cars ahead, where there is no upholstery, and the traveler must be jolted about on seats consisting of hardwood slats only. Moreover, since the railroad is a narrow gauge, it was desirable that we secure seats opposite each other. On one occasion, on the trip, a fellow passenger with whom I was talking invited me to sit with him. I accepted, but — I weigh 180 pounds and he perhaps a little more. I wedged down halfway, could go no farther, and with difficulty got out.

We traveled at an average speed, including stops, of eighteen miles an hour. Of course in some places we doubled this rate and in others went much slower. Indeed, one told me he had seen men jump off from the rear end when the train was climbing a grade, run ahead almost to the locomotive, and jump on again. The roadbed is very rough, and the jolting of the train gives one the impression that he is traveling

at breakneck speed. Therefore, shaving while the train is in motion, is not an easy task, and if a passenger appears at breakfast with a piece of sticking plaster on his chin, one may know that he has been trying his hand at that treacherous feat. Along much of the way there are no fences by the railroad, and trees and bushes have been allowed to grow near the track. Once I saw a lady reach out of the car window while we were going at full speed, and pull



IN A HEAVY SEA OFF NEWFOUNDLAND COAST. WHEN TWO SEAMEN WERE WASHED OVERBOARD

a handful of foliage from the overhanging branches of a small tree.

On much of the route the scenery is magnificent. We started on the fourteenth of July and saw at that time mountains still capped with the snows of winter. One fourth of the area of the island is covered with water, ponds, lakes, and rivers in abundance. The ponds are fringed with water lilies, the lakes with trees which grow close to the water's edge. The most common trees are spruce, birch, and larch. Along the railroad route there have been many forest fires. Wherever these have swept, beautiful, tall, pink flowers have sprung up. Because of this they are called "fire flowers." The most beautiful scenery is along the Humber River, on the west coast. For about fifty miles from its mouth the river seems to be only a great arm of the sea stretching inland, rising and falling with the tide. In some places the giant cliffs tower above the river, casting their somber shadows over its depths, while farther up it runs through vast areas of forest and field, where roam the caribou, the fox, and the bear.

The name of the Humber River may have been borrowed from England, but in some names the people of Newfoundland are quite original; for example, Tickle Harbor, Badger Brook, Come-by-Chance, Hearts Delight, Hearts Desire, and Hearts Content. These are not obscure, remote places, but are all railroad stations. At each little station the people come to the doors or windows to see the passing train. It is the event of the day. At some places several persons will get on and pass through the cars to see if old friends are on board. Often their search is rewarded, and hearty greetings are exchanged.

We reached Grand Falls about midnight. It is here that Lord Northcliffe recently erected his large pulp and paper mills on the Exploits River, at an expense of more than £1,000,000 sterling. I was informed that the paper on which the London *Times* is printed is manufactured here. At this station a young woman boarded the train, and soon began knitting a pair of socks. As morning drew on, other women took out their knitting and began plying their needles swiftly. I watched with interest, for it had been

a good many years since I had seen my patient mother doing the same for her sons. Then I thought of the Newfoundland boys away in the trenches, "somewhere in France," who were to wear the socks that mothers and sisters were knitting here on the train.

At last our train pulled into St. John's. The long journey was over, and we were glad to greet the smiling faces of Elders D. J. C. Barrett and R. A. Hubley. Newfoundland is a mission field under the direction of the Eastern Canadian Union Conference, and we were to attend a general meeting here of our people, which was to last five days. I was delighted to find that I was to be entertained at the home of Brother Johnston, whose daughter, Daisy, was one of my schoolmates years ago at South Lancaster Academy, and no less to find that my roommate here was to be Professor Kern, who had preceded us on the trip.

My special object in visiting Newfoundland was to meet with our young people there, and interest them in attending Williamsdale Academy in Nova Scotia. It was the first time a principal from the academy had visited them, and they responded well. Their response was due in large measure to the strong and helpful influence exerted by our workers there and the hearty coöperation of the brethren who accompanied me. A more intelligent and ambitious company of youth I never met. I was more than repaid for the time and expense incurred in my visit, when eleven of them definitely decided to join our school family in September. Four from the island are now earning scholarships.

Crossing the island the scenery often reminded me of the hills, valleys, and lakes of New Hampshire, but St. John's seemed to be another San Francisco, only in miniature. It is a unique city, and one never to be forgotten. After my visit of less than a week, I understood better why all who have lived there think it is "the dearest spot on earth." It has a population of 33,000, and is the nearest port in America to Europe. The city is built on a great hill that rises from the



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH AT BAY ROBERTS

water's edge. It thus overlooks a small but excellent harbor. The entrance to this harbor is about two hundred yards across and is called the Narrows.

St. John's is both an old and a new city. For centuries this ideal site was doubtless used by the Beothuks, Micmacs, or other tribes for an Indian village. It was one of the first places on the island to be settled by white men. But in July, 1892, a fire visited the city, destroying two thirds of the houses. Many of the old wooden buildings have been replaced by brick and stone structures, so that a more beautiful city has sprung from the ashes of the old.

This city has many fine buildings. Probably the

largest of these is the Roman Catholic cathedral, which looks benignly down on two smaller cathedrals, Anglican and Methodist, situated lower down the hillside. Away over at one side from these, like Mordecai in the gate, is the humble little church we call our own. Most of the business houses are on Water Street, a street running parallel to the bay. Here is the department store of Ayers and Sons, the largest in the city. There were four Ayers boys in the army. They were all killed in action, recently, and King George V sent a letter of condolence to the bereaved father.

High on a promontory overlooking the Narrows is Cabot Tower, a picture of which is shown here. Professor Kern and I visited this historic monument together. On the way up we were startled by the firing of a cannon near by. It was the "noon gun," and by it the people of the city set their clocks and watches. Arriving at the top of the eminence, a fine view of the ocean was afforded. As I looked out upon its immensity, with here and there a sail to be seen, I could not but think of that June day in 1497 when the old grizzly sailor John Cabot first set eyes on the New found land. I thought, too, of John Guy, the first Englishman to successfully found a settlement on the island, and that *eight years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

As we entered the tower, a large brass tablet arrested my attention. It bore this inscription:—

This Tower  
is erected  
to serve as a Perpetual Memorial  
of the 60th Year of the  
glorious Reign of  
Victoria  
Queen and Empress  
and  
in commemoration  
of the  
400th Anniversary of the Discovery  
of  
Newfoundland  
by  
John Cabot  
Foundation Stone Laid June 22d, 1897  
Building declared Open June 20th, 1900

We called on the keeper of the tower, an elderly man, who took pains to make us welcome and to explain many of the strange sights. He allowed us to look through the telescope with which he scans the waters, to get the first glimpse of every visiting ocean craft. It is his duty as the boats come nearer, and he recognizes their shape and flag, to signal all his information to the city.

Only a few steps below the tower we saw what was left of the fortifications of Queen's Fort. There was the stone parapet behind which the old smooth-bore cannon had bristled defiance at unfriendly visitors. The cannons were gone and only the semicircular iron tracks of the carriages remained. Back of these was a little stone building, formerly the barracks of the garrison but now occupied by a private family. Behind this building was a curious stone structure of the shape of an inverted teacup. This, the lady of the house informed me, was formerly the magazine of the fort.

In the suburbs we met a ragged boy, and the fol-

lowing conversation ensued between Professor Kern and the lad:—

"What would you be if you were a man?"

"A soldier."

"Why would you wish to be a soldier?"

"To fight the Germans."

"Did the Germans ever do you any harm?"

"No, but see what they did to Belgium."

"Would you not rather be a soldier of Jesus Christ?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I learned in the Sunday school."

"Do you not know that if you went to war you might get killed?"

"Yes, but I'd be willing to die for England."

That boy had caught the spirit of thousands of other boys on the island, and indeed, wherever waves the Union Jack. We saw a regiment of soldiers drill on the parade grounds. Sturdy fellows they were, who had already learned bravery battling with the billows of the Atlantic, but had now exchanged the rod and net for the soldier's gun and bayonet. It was fascinating to watch the quick movements of the ranks as

hundreds moved like a unit to the orders of the colonel in command. Yet I could not but feel sad as I thought of how they must all leave that week for England. Many a fond mother would never again see the support of her old age, and many a young wife would turn from the morning meal in tears because of the vacant chair. War is a cruel monster. A few hours after seeing the drill I read a cablegram in the post office. It told how Newfoundland soldiers had gallantly charged the enemy, but had advanced too far, and in a wood had been cut down, four hundred falling before the withering fire of the German batteries.

One other feature of life in Newfoundland must not be overlooked, and that is the famous Newfoundland dog. He is to be seen on every street, and is always the faithful friend of the children. Many stories are told of his heroic deeds in rescuing them from danger. When the Prince of Wales, the present king of England, visited the island a few years ago, he was presented with a full-blooded specimen of this noble breed. The prince was very fond of his new pet, and walked up Water Street, sporting with him amid the acclamations of the crowd.

Before returning home I visited a company of our people living in one of the out harbors, Bay Roberts. This village is built about one of the many inlets of Conception Bay, and is almost due west of St. John's. The principal occupation here, as in so many other parts of the island, is fishing. At the time of my visit you might walk through every street and never see a young or middle-aged man. There were old men, women, and children. Where were the others? A few had gone to the war. Nearly all were on the Labrador coast, fishing. It is their harvest of the year.

A few small boats were bringing in catches while I was there. One boat was loaded with capelin. This

(Concluded on page eleven)



CABOT TOWER, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND





October

ON the hill the goldenrod;  
 Over the moor the spent grass, dead;  
 Along the way the sumacs nod,  
 Splashing the covert with glorious red.  
 So comes Autumn with stealthy step,  
 Stealing our Summer treasures away:  
 Throwing, to comfort our hearts bereft,  
 A wondrous glory o'er every day.

—Geo. McAdam.

Smile

It doesn't pay to be ill-natured. A grouch in the system is as deadly to progress as a ball and chain at the ankle. The ball-and-chain combination doesn't keep the wearer from toiling like all creation, but it holds him back quite effectively. It is the same way with the grouch.

Sometimes ill nature is a disease — sometimes just a habit. Even when it is a disease, there is usually a cure for it. Calomel has been known to work wonders with people who could not see anything in a doughnut but the hole, whose mere presence was enough to blot out a rainbow. Ill nature as a habit is no harder to break than any other of the evil habits that afflict the human kind.

The fellow who gets up in the morning with a smile, carries it with him all day, and takes it home at night — ah, the world will smile with him, at him, and for him. He may not amass great riches, but he will glory in a priceless wealth of friends. Men may not uncover at mention of his name, but wife and children will listen for his footsteps and crown him with affection. He may not be hailed as the conqueror of others, but he will be blessed in the realization that he has conquered himself. The feeling that expresses itself in a smile is worth cultivating.—Ambition.

The Thermaphone

THE bulky wall telephone apparatus, with its heavy coils and clumsy receiver, is doomed to give way to an interesting new invention if the reports from the University of Utrecht and the United States Consul at Amsterdam are to be believed — and the reliability of consular reports is rarely questioned.

A Dutch inventor named Peter de Lange has devised a new receiver and transmitter combined, which acts upon an entirely new principle. His invention is called the thermaphone, for it depends upon the heat generated in a tiny bit of platinum wire by an electric current passing through it for the vibrations which give him the audible message. These vibrations are said to reproduce voice tones far more clearly than is done by the old-style instruments.

The whole instrument is little larger in circumference than a pencil, is only about an inch in length, and can be carried in the pocket. It is screwed into a tiny electric contact in the wall. Instead of the high voltage current now used in these instruments, the new thermaphone will operate upon a tiny pressure and amperage — so small in fact, that instead of being knocked over by a shock, a person receiving the whole of the thermaphone's working current could not feel it. This fact, which will mean an enormous saving to the telephone companies and their subscribers, combined with

the fact that this new instrument costs but thirty cents, will insure the ready acceptance of the thermaphone in the United States if it can make good its claims.—*Illustrated World.*

A Peculiar Number

CURIOSITIES in figures are fascinating to many. If the reader of this article will take paper and pencil and perform a few simple operations in multiplication and addition, he will be surprised at the results arising from a certain number. If you are able to remember that the number we shall use is 142,857, you can present the following peculiarities later on to others. Any one forgetting the number can readily derive it by changing the fraction one seventh to a decimal of six places. At the seventh place the figures begin to repeat themselves, so our number is a circulating, or repeating, decimal.

Let us begin by writing the figures of 142,857 in the form of a circle or, as we might say, in cyclic order. Multiply the number by 2. Now look at the cycle of figures and you will find that your answer can be read from the cycle by starting with 2 and reading in clockwise order 285,714. Multiply the original number by 3 and you will find the answer in the same cycle of figures as 428,571. The products by 4, 5, and 6 can likewise be read from the same cycle, as you will find if you multiply correctly. Only a very few numbers have this striking property, and all others are much larger than the one given. Multiplying by 8 you should get 1,142,856, which consists of more than the six figures in the cycle, but add the first digit 1 to the last digit 6, making 7, and you can read again from the cycle of figures 142,857. The same thing can be done with all possible multipliers in the hundreds and thousands, with a single exception. Going back and multiplying by 7 you will get another peculiar result, for it consists entirely of nines,—999,999. Multiply by any multiple of 7 and you will find that the product can always be changed to the same form — 999,999. For instance, the product by 329 is 46,999,953. If you write the number of millions beneath the hundreds and add, you will get, as I before suggested, 999,999. Try a few other multipliers and see whether you can obtain similar results.

For a little variation, try another method. Start with 142,857, or any other number from your cycle of figures, and multiply by 77; then multiply the product by 13. Suppose that you begin with 571,428, your final result should be 571,999,428. You see that the result can be obtained by simply splitting the multiplicand and writing 999 between. If you wish to pose before your friends as a "lightning calculator," you can easily achieve success with a little practice.

As a final example of curious products, start with 142,857 and as you continue to subtract 15,873, successively multiply the difference by 7. The results will then appear as follows:—

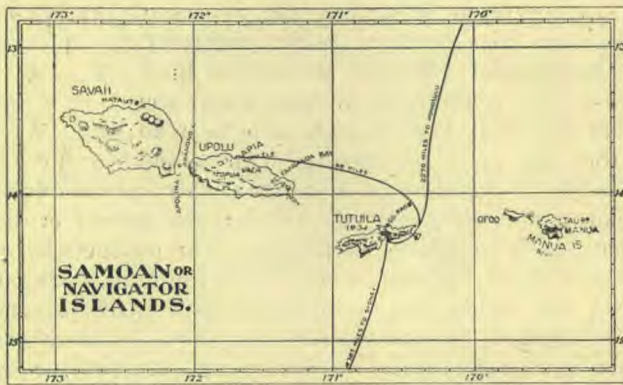
- 142857 × 7 = 999,999
- 126984 × 7 = 888,888
- 111111 × 7 = 777,777
- 95238 × 7 = 666,666
- 79365 × 7 = 555,555
- 63492 × 7 = 444,444
- 47619 × 7 = 333,333
- 31746 × 7 = 222,222
- 15873 × 7 = 111,111

LAWRENCE D. RHODES.

## On the Boundless Deep—No. 11

MRS. C. M. SNOW

**S**INCE snapshots are not allowed at Pago Pago, we filmed as many mental pictures of this peaceful little world as memory could retain. Some one described it as a world of peace that passeth the understanding of any one not born a Samoan. At least their wants seem few and easily supplied, as their food needs little cultivation or preparation, and their costumes are largely born, not made. But though they go hatless, shoeless, coatless, and often with but one piece of raiment, yet they seem to possess a love for adornment and a certain refinement and grace, a naïve coquettishness and picturesque simplicity not tinctured with coarse bravado. Living as they do, on a narrow shelf of beach, between the



sea and the sky, and under great tropical trees that toss the air breathed by a thousand glowing blossoms, they are still nature's children, and not yet contaminated by the rapid stride of civilization.

The sister steamer of the "Sierra," the "Sonoma," was met at Pago Pago by four thousand Samoans, who came from a radius of five hundred miles, wearing full war paint and feathers, and for three hours entertained the passengers with native songs and dances. Following the dance, a big native feast was held, winding up with the passing of a huge bowl of kava, the native drink, of which all partook.

As we sailed out of the harbor, which is an ancient crater, very deep, and completely landlocked, the natives who assembled to greet the ship, quietly glided away, by shore and by sea, to their various little homes that polkadot the sugar cane and coconut groves. The rowers kept time with their oars to a native chant that floated to us on the breeze.

On the maps a little dot is placed and called Tutuila. To us it now represents much more,—the last landmark of our voyage, the last bit of American soil on which we may, perhaps, ever tread, the last place where we may greet the Stars and Stripes, and the last point where we may trust our letters to the care of a United States postage stamp. It also represents to us an interesting people, whose eyes have a pathos that haunts us, and in whose honest hearts we feel are deep places where the seeds of truth should be planted. Our hearts thrill with a new desire that the gospel torch shall be lighted and burn brightly, so that the people of this winsome little out-of-the-way islet may see the way to Jesus. To some it might seem a drowsy old place and slow, but I can well imagine that a native once lured away could not get back fast enough. And this was proved by the one who returned home with us on the "Sierra."

When fluttering handkerchiefs and waving flags became indistinguishable by the fast-widening distance, we viewed again the contour of the island, with its bold coast line and the sharp-peaked, highly picturesque mountains by which it is traversed. Tutuila is about seventeen miles long and five miles wide, and is said to contain over five thousand inhabitants. There was no diving or swimming exhibition here. Doubtless the swimmers fear too close companionship with the sharks which infest these waters.

Later we passed in sight of Vatoa, or Turtle Island, where Captain Cook once essayed to land, but the natives were so forbidding that he decided not to do so. This was the last land we saw, although the water was at one time covered with dirt from Fiji, and occasionally that from some other island floated on the waves. We strained our eyes in vain in the direction where our own island, Pitcairn, lies.

On an outbound trip from Pago Pago, the "Sonoma" sighted a volcano in full eruption on a barren Tongan island, making a glorious spectacle at night. They also saw Norfolk Island and Lord Howe Island.

When the wooded heights of Tutuila were left behind, there was some change in the temperature and in the water. This was our most uncomfortable time after the first two or three days of the voyage. We had struck the trade winds, and the sea was choppy. The waves were running high, and flew over the deck. The stateroom portholes were closed, and we could get no ventilation down below. We could not sleep in the cabin, and spent the night in the social hall. We could get some air there, although the water dashed through if the window was open but a little. The room looked like a very active morgue, whose occupants often sought for a softer spot and a breath of air.

The sun was now directly overhead, and we crossed the date line just south of the Fiji group, in south latitude 19. Had we crossed the equator at the Gilbert



NATIVE SAMOAN HOMES

Islands, we would have had zero latitude and maximum longitude. Now the longitude began to decrease, and the latitude was already increasing. We were indeed lost, for we were in a new latitude and a new longitude, and the sun was traveling north instead of south. People were speaking of our destination as "over here," not "over there."

Knowing our predicament, the erstwhile generous captain turned robber and took from us one entire day. Not satisfied with that, he took a night also, and even tried to beguile us into believing that when we went to sleep Tuesday night we woke on Thursday morn-

ing. Of course he explained it all to his own satisfaction, that each degree of longitude we had passed represented a gain of four minutes' time, and that we really were in debt for the greater part of the day and night he had taken from us. But I doubt not that on his return he will hunt up and take possession of that lost twenty-four hours, while we are forever deprived of it.

On nearing Tutuila, the ship's force had resumed their dark woolen garments, and, notwithstanding the heat, continued to wear them. So inflexible are sea-going rules and etiquette.

A pleasing diversion occurred one morning when we sighted a four-masted American schooner loaded with lumber. She was the only vessel we had seen on the high seas in all this voyage, and we were glad to run across her. We had seen the smoke of the "Great Northern," about three days from San Francisco, and met one of the Oceanic vessels one night too far away to see. The vessels were in wireless communication, or we should not have known that we met her, although we were on the lookout for her.

We sighted the schooner about half-past six, passed her about eight, and by nine-thirty she was out of sight, far back in our wake. We watched her with our opera glasses until there was not a speck of her to be seen. That incident gave us a better appreciation than anything else of how fast we were going and how far we had gone. The schooner signaled that they were from Puget Sound, had been out seventy-eight days, and were going to Melbourne. We reckoned that it would be one hundred days from the time they left port until they arrived. It had taken us about three hours to pick them up, pass them, and lose them in the distance.

#### For the Finding-Out Club

In sending in the preferred pronunciation of the following words, state the authority you consulted:—

apostles	speedometer
pessimistic	Allies (n)
despicable	automobile
grievous	valet
previous	chic
commandant	chiroprapist
noncombatant	chassis
acclimated	chauffeur
automaton	

#### Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of August 22

1. THE Triple Entente comprises Great Britain, France, and Russia, while the Triple Alliance when formed was composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Italy has withdrawn from the Alliance.

2. The Balkan States include Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Montenegro, Albania, and Greece.

3. The inhabitants of Bulgaria speak the Bulgarian language, based upon the ancient Greek and mixed with various modern languages.

4. The capital of Roumania is Bukharest; of Bulgaria, Sofia; of Serbia, Belgrade; of Montenegro, Cettinge; of Albania, Durazzo.

5. Gallipoli is a seaport of Turkey in Europe on east coast of peninsula of same name. The Vosges are mountains that separate German and French territory. Saloniki is a seaport in European Turkey. It belongs to Greece.

6. The ruler of Bulgaria is sometimes called czar, though his usual title is that of king.

7. An emperor is monarch of an empire. The title is regarded as superior to that of king, who rules only a single people; while an emperor rules over conquered or confederated peoples. Thus, the "king of Prussia" is "emperor of Germany;" the "king of England" is "emperor of India."

8. The king of England, George V, is first cousin to Emperor William.

9. The kaiser of Germany is king of Prussia.

10. A dirigible balloon is a balloon that can be directed; a dirigible torpedo is one that is steerable.

A monoplane, an airship supported by a single aeroplane.

A periscope, an optical instrument on some submarines to permit of an outlook over the water when the boat is submerged.

A *mitrailleuse* (mē-trā-yûz'), a breech-loading machine gun, consisting of a number of barrels fitted together, and so arranged that the barrels can be fired simultaneously or successively and rapidly. It shoots *mitraille*, or grapeshot.

A Zeppelin, a dirigible airship invented by Count Zeppelin of Germany.

11. The United States, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, and China are neutral countries.

#### Through England's Oldest Colony

(Concluded from page eight)

fish is about seven inches in length. It is caught in large quantities, and some are dried on the scaffolds called "fish flakes," and used for food, but hundreds of tons are used for fertilizing the ground. A barrel of fresh capelin at the ship can be bought for only twenty cents. I saw four three-pound codfish sold for twenty cents. Three oranges are worth twenty cents there. In fact, Newfoundland is the home of the twenty-cent piece, and this sum of money seems to be a favorite price.

On a small wharf I found some men slitting, cleaning, and salting codfish. In a near-by shed were 150 quintals of these fish. They were piled in long tiers, like so much cordwood. As the men cleaned the fish, they threw all the livers together. They were extracting the oil from these, and had already filled four great puncheons with the dark-amber oil. They told me that in its crude state it is worth \$140 a ton, but refined it sells for \$2.50 a gallon.

Probably our little church at Bay Roberts is different in one respect from any other Adventist church in the world. As you will see from the picture, it is on piles and is built wholly over the briny waters of the bay. It was constructed by Elder Hubley, and is well finished inside. Look closely and you will see the bottom of the baptistery tank under the church. When a baptism is to be performed, water is pumped into the tank from the bay. When the ceremony is over, a plug is pulled, and the tank is soon empty again. One of our prospective Williamsdale students is standing on the steps.

My return trip across Cabot Strait was pleasant. The gulf was calm and the weather beautiful. And now as I think of Newfoundland, it is not as a mere island on the map, but a country animate with life, and with a people noble and kind-hearted. They are ready for the message that God has committed to us to bear to them. In scores of their coast towns, where live the simple, honest fisher folk, the word of present truth has never yet been spoken. Now is the time to work for Newfoundland.



### What Can a Kitten Do?

I'm just a little pussy cat,  
As happy as can be;  
I've such a lot of playmates, who  
Are very fond of me.  
And what's a kitten small to do  
Who wants to sleep when, say,  
She's tickled with a flower, you know?  
What can she do but play?

I sometimes wish they'd let me lie  
And sleep upon the rug,  
Or in the basket that's my own,  
Curled up so warm and snug;  
But when I see a ball of string,  
A ball that rolls away,  
Or else a tempting cotton reel,  
What can I do but play?

I have a little master dear,  
A little mistress, too;  
They love me so, I can't complain,  
Or "Please don't tempt me" mew.  
It isn't really teasing me—  
Too kind to tease are they;  
So when they want a game with me,  
What can I do but play?

— E. Grahme.

## When England Taxed the Sun

**I**SABEL had some difficulty in walking the three blocks that lay between her own home and her cousin's. Not that she was lame or sick or anything of that sort, but because it was such a bright and beautiful spring morning that she wanted to run, hop, skip, or do anything more lively than a prosaic walk. And if she had been a few years younger or the street just a little more private, it is likely that she would have done so. Yet, anxious as she was to dance over the distance, she was by no means desirous of reaching her destination with dispatch.

When she finally stood in front of her uncle's handsome home, she continued to stand for quite a while. The bright morning sunlight was streaming against the upstairs windows, pleading for admittance; the fresh spring breeze brushed the glass beseechingly; and Isabel smiled with sudden humor. "You won't get in," she told the elements. "The odds are all against you. You do your best, I know, but you can't overcome the obstacles in your path—glass panes, green shades, thick curtains, and cretonne draperies. It's an unequal contest. Give it up and go where you are appreciated."

It seemed to Isabel that the breeze sighed and the sun's bright face clouded in response to her words. At any rate, she sighed and clouded as she went up the steps and entered the darkened hall. Her aunt met her at the foot of the stairs and told Isabel that her cousin would be delighted to see her. "Just go up to her room," she said. "The poor dear has a dreadful cold."

Isabel went up and was welcomed at the door by a heavy odor of camphor and a hoarse voice. A small fire was burning on the hearth, and the air in the room was stuffy and stale. A pretty girl sat sneezing and crocheting in a big armchair near a small table, on which lay half a dozen handkerchiefs surrounded by a motley collection of bottles and cups. She greeted her cousin warmly. "Do come cheer me up," she said. "I've been living for two days on castor oil and horehound candy, and I don't know which I hate the worse."

Isabel took off her hat and jacket and tossed them on the bed. "Let's have a little air," she suggested. "You don't think it would prove fatal, do you?"

"Why, leave the door open if you are too warm," said her cousin heartily, and Isabel meekly opened the door into the darkened hall.

"I've brought you something," said Isabel as she came back. "It's a letter."

"O!" cried the girl. "Has the mail come?"

Isabel was carefully untying a little package. "The mail that brought this," she said, "came over a hundred and forty years ago. It was written by your great-great-grandmother when she was a girl."

"Dear me!" murmured her cousin. "I didn't know I ever had a great-great-grandmother! I suppose you have one of Aunt Mary's heirlooms," she added without interest.

Their Aunt Mary was the nurseryman who cared for the family tree! When one wanted to know—though one seldom did—who one's great uncle Charles married the second time and on just what date one's Cousin Laura was killed by a British bullet, one appealed to Aunt Mary for the edifying information. She it was who kept all the records, diaries, and old letters that had escaped the vicissitudes of the years.

"Aunt Mary lent it to me at my request," explained Isabel. "I think it will do you good to read it."

"If I must endure it, then you read it to me," said her cousin. "Turn on the light by the piano."

There was a little cabinet piano in one corner of the room where the owner did most of her practicing, and on the top stood a very pretty electric lamp with a silk shade. It may not have been a very expensive lamp, but it certainly did not deserve the glance of unutterable scorn that Isabel cast upon it. "I'd like to shake you, Lucile," she cried. "Lamp, indeed! Do you realize that the sun is blazing outdoors?"

Lucile laughed. "Raise the shades if you prefer," she said. "I was afraid the glare might hurt my weak eyes. I really have a severe cold."

"No glare could ever get through all these curtains and things, even if you left the shades up to the top," said Isabel. She went over to the window and not only raised the shade, but threw up the casement and knotted the curtains to one side. The sun poured in gloriously, and the air was sweet and fresh. "'Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born!'" she caroled gaily.

"Are you beside yourself?" asked Lucile.

"No. I'm quoting Milton."

Isabel came back to her seat and opened the old letter. It had been so carefully preserved that it did not look its age. Or perhaps some wise young lady of a more modern day had copied it onto newer paper. At any rate, the words were the words of a maiden

who had visited in England in the days when George III sat upon the throne, and just before a wonderful name was enrolled among the nations of the world. The things she wrote to her sister in America must be true, for they are vouched for in history. Lucile laid down her work and leaned back in her chair with a camphor bottle to her nose while Isabel read the following:—

"MY DEAREST SISTER: I am writing this letter by candlelight on one of the loveliest autumn days that ever dawned. You say that Parliament has put a tax on your tea? Well, rejoice that you have still the sunlight and the air! Here in England they have taxed the sun. For every window in one's house one must pay a tax, and people are bricking up their windows to reduce the expense. The houses are as dark and dank as cellars, and everybody has a cold. It's very ennobling—if there is such a word! We are all becoming blue-blooded. My hands and nose were blue before I'd been in this house a week, and I have hopes of being a full aristocrat before I come home. Of all the outrageous taxes ever invented by a grasping government, I think this one is the worst. And yet Parliament thinks it has done something very clever. I wish all the M. P.'s could have such a lesson as Mr. Sheldon has had. But not all of them have as clever wives as Mrs. Sheldon. I must tell you what she did. About two weeks ago the distinguished M. P. went to France on business and left everything in his wife's care. He has a beautiful home and much handsome furniture, but the thing for which he is most noted is his greenhouse, where he had some of the rarest and most beautiful plants and shrubs in this part of the world. I have twice walked through it—hands behind my back—and I have never seen anything like it before. I coveted everything I saw; but since I disturbed nothing, I was given a standing invitation to come whenever I pleased. Mr. Sheldon was loath to leave home, as both his children were ill, but was forced to do so. After he was gone, his wife had an inspiration. She had all the shrubs taken out of the greenhouse and carried up to the children's playroom, and, by placing rugs and tables in the glass house, made it into a sun parlor for the children. When the M. P. came home yesterday, he found all his flowers dead for lack of sunlight and his children well. Mrs. Sheldon explained that she had merely exchanged nurseries. The distinguished gentleman had absolutely nothing to say. I hope it will influence his vote at the next session of Parliament. England is spending a great deal on botanical gardens just now and shutting her children in out of the sun. She has a strange idea as to which is the more valuable plant."

Isabel put down the letter. "That's the part I wanted you to hear," she explained. "I believe it's the only time in history that a nation ever taxed the sunlight. But if such a tax existed in America today, you would escape it entirely. No, I take that back. If such a tax existed today, you would begin to appreciate the sun and would pay almost anything to get a little of it. But because the easiest way to cure a cold is the cheapest, you won't believe it. This old letter I've just read you has a message for you. May I tell you what it is?"

"No, you may not!" laughed Lucile.

"Then I'll play it instead." And going to the piano, Isabel began to play:—

"Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door;  
Let a little sunshine in."

—Gladys Blake, in *The Visitor*.

### A Brave Little Girl

A LITTLE girl with a cut in her hand was brought to a physician. It was necessary to make a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the doctor was making preparations, the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently cautioned by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "You may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, give, said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," said the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient sang a line.

"That's beautiful!" said the doctor. "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilful fingers were sewing up the wound, the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears that were shed came from the eyes of the mother.

It is said to be a fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for all to try singing instead? Jesus helps his children to sing even in trials and pain.—*Selected*.

"THE fishermen of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: 'Keep me, my God; my boat is small and the ocean is wide.'"  
A good prayer for youth just entering upon life.

"WASTED time reminds us of the calendars on our tables: Time tears off a new day, but the other side is a blank."



### He Careth for Me

(Texts for October 8 to 14)

THAT matchless psalm, the twenty-third, should help us to understand God's care for us individually. It is the most complete picture we have of the Great Shepherd. But we who live down here in the twentieth century, comprehend so faintly this peerless picture by David that many of us lose the touches that prove most conclusively his care for each one of us in all the experiences of life. We cannot appreciate fully the loving solicitude with which the shepherd on those Judean hills cared for his sheep.

Open your Bible to Psalm 23, while we get another glimpse of the Judean shepherd and his flock. It is morning and he is leading his sheep into green pastures where they may feed and find rest during the heat of the day. There are not many streams, but the shepherd knows where the "still waters," or wells,

are, and to these he leads his sheep that they may quench their thirst and be refreshed. Should a sheep stray into a private field or vineyard and be caught, it would be forfeited to the owner of the land, so the shepherd watches carefully each sheep in the flock and brings back the wandering one—yes, he “re-storeth” it. He leads his sheep in right paths; for he knows where the cliffs and the precipices are that he must avoid; but sometimes even right paths lead “through the valley of the shadow of death,” where dangers expected and unexpected assail the flock. Then between the foe and the flock stands the faithful shepherd protecting the trembling sheep that cuddle near him so his rod and staff may “comfort” them.

We must not forget that the shepherd would not have known where to find food for his sheep had he not first traversed the country and by dint of hard labor prepared a feeding place for them. A traveler from Judea helps us to appreciate the skill and heroism required to do this, when he says, “There are many poisonous plants in the grass, and the shepherd must find and avoid them. A cousin of mine once lost three hundred sheep by a mistake in this hard task. Then, there are vipers’ holes, and the reptiles bite the noses of the sheep if they are not driven away. The shepherd must burn the fat of hogs in the holes to do this. And round the feeding ground which the shepherd thus prepares, in holes and caves in the hillsides, there are jackals, wolves, hyenas, and tigers, too, and the bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts,” and in this way preparing a table for his sheep in the presence of their enemies.

But let us return to the shepherd at the close of the day as he leads his flock to the fold. He does not drive them in carelessly. Through the day he has watched them together, and we almost forget that his eyes followed each sheep in the flock; but there is no mistaking it now, for stationing himself in the door, he inspects them closely one by one as they go into the fold. “He has the horn filled with olive oil, and he has cedar tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on a rock or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised, but simply worn and exhausted; he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil, and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpose and lets the weary sheep drink.” And so he keeps on until every sheep is inspected and sent in where it can rest safely through the night.

Now read the psalm again with this ray of Oriental light shining upon it. But remember the shepherd you see in it is the Lord, and you are the sheep of which he is taking such loving, faithful care. The picture is given that you may better understand how much your Saviour loves you, and with what tenderness he watches over you. And the picture is complete. It covers the whole day. Not for a moment does the Shepherd’s watchful care cease. *Today* he is caring for you, and every *today* he will care for you. Do not worry about tomorrow; it always lies beyond today. Its dangers cannot touch you; only today is yours; and God will take care of today. His care is always *just for today*, just when you need him most. And he wants you to rejoice in his care today, nor darken its hours with fears of a coming storm.

“He knows, and loves, and cares.  
Nothing this truth can dim;  
He does the very best for those  
Who leave the choice with him.”

And you may be sure God will never forget you. Your friends may; your loved ones may; but God will not. You are graven on the palms of his hands; his thoughts are with you continually. The mountains may depart, and “the hills be removed,” but even in these calamities God will not forget you nor withdraw his loving kindness from you. In all the storms of distress and trouble, you may rest in perfect peace; for he cares for you. When you are called to pass through the waters of affliction, he will be with you. His strong hand will protect you from the fiery trials, and guide you safely past the hidden snares of the enemy. He has a very personal interest in you. When things go hard, he pities you; when you are weary, he wants you to let him give you rest. And always he wants you to come to him for just the help you need.

“When shadows hang o’er the whole day long,  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;  
When I am not good, and the bitter shade  
Of conscious sin makes my soul afraid;  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its courses and help me through;  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?”

“Oh, wonderful story of deathless love,  
Each child is dear to that heart above!  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night.  
He lifts the burden, for he is strong;  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrows that bear me down he shares,  
And loves and pardons because he cares.”

MEDITATION.—I do thank thee, Tender Shepherd, for thy watchful care over me. So often I’ve wandered away, and thy bruised feet and loving arms have restored me to the fold. I have cost thee so much, am returning to thee so little. Thou art wondrously patient with me. I do thank thee that thy loving, watchful care does not fail. I am resolved with David “to dwell” with thee forevermore.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week all the members of our Morning Watch prayer circle are invited to pray unitedly for those who manufacture and distribute truth-filled literature. Time is short, and great responsibilities rest upon our publishing houses in the finishing of the work. Give them a lift with your prayers.

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending October 14

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for October.

#### The Bible Year

##### Assignment for October 8 to 14

October 8: Matthew 25, 26.  
October 9: Matthew 27, 28.  
October 10: 1 Thessalonians.  
October 11: 2 Thessalonians.  
October 12: Galatians 1 to 3.  
October 13: Galatians 4 to 6.  
October 14: 1 Corinthians 1 to 4.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for October 5.



II — Philip and the Eunuch

(October 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 8:26-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8:37.

Questions

1. While Philip was still in Samaria, what did an angel say to him? Acts 8:26.
2. How did Philip show his willingness to obey? Verse 27, first part. Note 1.
3. Whom was he sent to help? What is said of this man? Why had he visited Jerusalem? Verse 27, last part. Note 2.
4. How did the eunuch travel? What was he doing while riding? Verse 28. Note 3.
5. What did the Holy Spirit say to Philip? Verse 29.
6. How did Philip show his eagerness to obey? What question did he ask the man in the chariot? Verse 30.
7. How did the Ethiopian reply? What did he ask Philip to do? Verse 31. Note 4.
8. What scripture was the Ethiopian reading? Verses 32, 33.
9. What question did he ask Philip? Verse 34. Note 5.
10. What did Philip proceed to do? Verse 35. Note 6.
11. To what place did they come while traveling? What question did the Ethiopian ask? Verse 36.
12. Repeat Philip's reply. What declaration of faith did the treasurer then make? Verse 37.
13. Describe the baptism. Verse 38.
14. What took place when they came up out of the water? How did the Ethiopian feel as he continued his journey? Verse 39.
15. Where was Philip found? What did he continue to do? To what city did he come? Verse 40. Note 7.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Give some facts about Ethiopia.
2. What is necessary before baptism?
3. According to Philip, how old must one be before being baptized?
4. How is belief in Jesus shown?
5. Prove that Philip baptized by immersion.

Notes

1. "While Philip was still in Samaria, he was directed by a heavenly messenger to 'go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza. . . . And he arose and went.' He did not question the call, nor did he hesitate to obey; for he had learned the lesson of conformity to God's will."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 107.

We are not told whether Philip knew why he was to take this journey. He may have gone under "sealed orders," as government ships sometimes sail, not knowing where they are to go till out at sea.

2. "A man of Ethiopia: A general term for lands south of Egypt.

"Of great authority: A man of power, of wide influence, a prince.

"Under Candace [kan'da-sē]: Not the name of an individual, but of a dynasty; as Pharaoh in Egypt, and Cæsar in Rome.

"Charge of all her treasure: Secretary of the treasury.

"Had come to Jerusalem to worship: This shows that he was a sincere seeker and inquirer, a soul hungry for the true religion. He had obtained glimpses of the truth from the Jewish residents in Ethiopia, and was seeking for more.

. . . . But he wanted more light, and he traveled a long distance, at great expense, that he might obtain it."—*Abbreviated from Peloubet*.

3. "Young people often say that it is hard to become interested in reading the Scriptures. But if any one reads them in order to find out what to do, he will, of necessity, find a deep interest in the study, as one finds a map interesting when planning a journey, or a chart when crossing the ocean. It is good to use every spare opportunity in studying and meditating on the Word of God. What we do with our spare moments often determines our characters more than our daily labors do. The books we choose and are familiar with, like our chosen friends, mold our characters and guide our destinies."

4. "There is enough of Scripture that is perfectly plain for every one to be guided safely through life to heaven; like the light, air, and water in their familiar uses. We can see plainly enough with our eyes for our ordinary daily life. But there are many things one can see with a microscope and telescope which he could never learn without those aids."

"Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,  
And jewels rich and rare  
Are hidden in its mighty depths  
For every searcher there."

5. "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" The scriptures with reference to Christ must have been very puzzling to any Jew.

First, he is described as the Prince of peace, a great and glorious King, a deliverer, one who triumphed over the world, having an everlasting kingdom where nothing could hurt or destroy.

Second, he is described as one who was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, unknown by men; and instead of living as a glorious King, he died and was buried.

The Ethiopian needed a guide to show that the first picture could not be true until the Saviour had suffered on the cross to make atonement for sin, then he would come in glory.

"The eunuch had heard at Jerusalem various conflicting reports in regard to Jesus of Nazareth. His mind was troubled upon the subject. He had a copy of the Scriptures with him, and was diligently studying the prophecies in reference to the Messiah, when Philip met him. They were strangers, but the mind of Philip was impressed that this was the man who needed his help."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 304.

6. "The man's heart thrilled with interest as the scriptures were explained to him; and when the disciple had finished, he was ready to accept the light given. He did not make his high worldly position an excuse for refusing the gospel."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 108.

7. Azotus is the Greek word for Ashdod mentioned in the Old Testament. It is about three miles from the sea, not far from Joppa.

“He Spake”—Who Spake?

WHAT and who was it that "certain of the synagogue" "were not able to resist" when they were "disputing with Stephen"?

1. "The wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." Acts 6:10. See also verse 5; Matt. 10:20; Luke 21:15.

2. "The wisdom and the spirit that spake."—*Wycliffe's Translation*.

3. "The wisdom, and the sprete, whych spake."—*Cranmer's Translation*.

4. "The wisdom and the spirit that spoke by him."—*Syriac Translation*.

5. "The wisdom of that spirit, which was speaking in him."—*Wakefield's Translation*.

Notes and Comments

"The spirit by which he spake was the Holy Spirit, and its power was irresistible. They were obliged either to yield to its teachings, or were confounded by its truth."—*Dr. Adam Clarke*.

"It is not said they were not able to resist him, but 'they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake;' that is, that Spirit of wisdom which spake by him. Now was fulfilled that promise, 'I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.' Luke 21:15. They thought they had only disputed with Stephen, and could make their part good with him; but they were disputing with the Spirit of God in him, for whom they were an unequal match."—*Matthew Henry*.

See also "The Desire of Ages," chap. 37, pars. 17-19.

ARTHUR L. MANOUS.

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

# The Youth's Instructor

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## October

WE welcome thee, October dear,  
 Thou richest month of all the year,  
 With thy ripened fruit, and thy leaves so red  
 Falling in showers from overhead.  
 A lingering birdie here and there  
 Reminding us of summer fair;  
 The chipmunk in his striped coat,  
 The quail's loud, cheery whistling note,  
 The brown nuts dropping one by one,  
 The great red bars 'cross the evening sun,  
 All thrill us with thy joy supreme,  
 A never-ending golden dream.

—Margaret T. Stevens.

## The Open Door

"BEHOLD, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The next time you feel blue and discouraged, and think that you have no chance to make good as others have; when you feel that there isn't much use in struggling because fate or destiny is against you, just recall this promise: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

The promise means literally what the words signify, or it means nothing. But we know it to be true that the door which our Creator has opened to us no man can shut. That is, no one outside of ourselves can shut it. The promise is not for a few favored ones, but for all. You are the only one that can bar the door he holds open for you. And many a man is barring the door against himself while he is wondering why it is not open, wondering what is keeping it barred so tightly.

You know plenty of men and women whom no power on earth could permanently discourage or hold back. They would allow no man to bar the door ahead of them. Every day some brave soul whose faith and courage bear down all obstacles proves the promise true.

There is no one but yourself that can shut the door which leads to a larger life. There are no obstacles, no difficulties, no power on earth that can close your open door.

If you think you have no chance; if you are convinced that there is no opportunity for you anywhere on this beautiful earth; if you do not try to enter the open door, but sit down and blame fate or luck or destiny for your plight, of course you will close the door; but no other human being can close it.

Faith and courage keep the door open, and they light the path that leads to it.—Orison Swett Marden.

## The Essential Thread

IN the weaving of character there is a thread with a peculiarly pleasing luster that should be woven in and out among all the other strands. Its beauty enhances the attractiveness of every other thread. Without it the fabric is dead and cold; it repels; it does not win admiration or imitation. This splendid thread is honesty, strict integrity. Not honesty in financial matters alone, but honesty in word and act. Truth telling, strict veracity, is a strand of this essential character thread.

Character shines in light or darkness, under pleasant or adverse circumstances, if there is woven throughout the fabric this splendid thread of truth, perfect allegiance to fact at whatever cost; but if this be the lost cord of the character, beauty and strength are lacking. The possessor is a reed shaken with the wind, a man of straw, a coward. But the honest man is one "whom neither force nor fawning can unpin, or wrench from giving all their due." The honest man is one whose heart conceives no sinister device. The honest man is he "who praises freely what he means to purchase and who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell." The honest man, like Brutus, says of threats to turn him aside from the path of rectitude:—

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
 For I am armed so strong in honesty  
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not."

Honesty, the priceless thread of character, is fast losing its grip upon humanity. Shakespeare said of his time:—

"To be honest as this world goes,  
 Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

It would seem that the present age yields even a less percentage of honesty. But it is nevertheless true, now as in ages past, that to be counted worthy of even true worldly honor and respect a man must be honest; and if he would fight the good fight of faith and win the crown of eternal life, he must be wholly honest, faithfully fulfilling promises and foregoing exaggerations. He must be honest in financial matters, never seeking to enrich himself by impoverishing another. Such is the honesty heaven honors; such is the golden thread that gives beauty and strength to the character fabric.

## Charged with Power

"My power is made perfect in weakness." Theodore Cuyler delighted to tell how, in his student days at Princeton, Professor Henry had so constructed a large bar of iron, bent into the form of a horseshoe, that it used to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld a 4,000-pound weight attached to it. The great horseshoe was not welded or screwed to the metal above it, but through the iron wire coiled round it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery, which converted it into a magnet. Stop the flow of the current for an instant and the huge horseshoe dropped. So does the lifting power of the Christian's life come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the living Christ. The strength of the Almighty One enters into the believer. This was Paul's secret.—*Sunday School Times*.

THE greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—A. W. Hare.